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## M. GOUNOD ON ENGLAND.

IN answer to a query we addressed to him, M. Gounod sent us recently the following witty and characteristic letter, which we have his permission to publish word for word. It will be seen that he leaves the question exactly where it stood before, but that is not the least clever part of the epistle:—

Nov., 1884.

MONSIEUR,—Vous me demandez une réponse à cette question: "L'Angleterre est-elle, oui ou non, un peuple musical?"

Vous me mettez là dans une situation fort délicate; non pas tant vis-à-vis de l'Angleterre que vis-à-vis de la question *en elle-même*, et l'on convoque des assemblées parlementaires pour des discussions souvent moins intéressantes.

Il n'y a pas, selon moi, de *peuple* anti-musical. La Musique est un élément de la *nature humaine*.

Il y a des *individus*, insensibles ou réfractaires à la musique; ceux là sont des malades. On n'a pas encore créé d'hospitiaux pour soigner cela; il y'en aura peut-être un jour; ce ne seraient pas les moins utiles!—mais d'ici là, l'humanité a bien d'autres chiens à fouetter, et bien d'autres formes de la barbarie à soigner. Le temps me manque pour traiter "in extenso" un sujet aussi intéressant.

En ce qui me concerne, je n'ai qu'à me féliciter de l'accueil que l'Angleterre a fait à mes œuvres, et je sais qu'elle est fidèle à ses affections *comme à ses haines*.

Recevez, Monsieur, l'assurance de mes meilleurs sentiments.

C. GOUNOD.

## CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

THERE are few things better known by name than Christmas Carols. The very words have a pleasant sound and suggest pleasant thoughts. The "peace and goodwill" which should come to all mankind at this festive season, seem to be centred in the syllables without further reference to the things they describe.

The study of carols is one of the most fascinating of the by-ways of musical as well as poetical history, which can be traversed as a diversion from the broad and well-trodden paths of more serious studies. Though much is known, much remains to be found out, and humble as the theme may appear to be, it is quite possible to write a fairly large book on the subject, and yet not "work out" the material it is possible to bring together.

The origin of the name is involved in doubt and obscurity. Etymologists have proposed many terms as probable roots. Its definition is generally

given as "a song of joy and devotion," and it is therefore assumed to come from the Latin *Choreola* through the Greek *χορος*. Others have affirmed that the word is from the Welch or Celtic *Carawl*; there is the *Carawl-Kaf* or May song, standing as evidence of its employment. Carols for other seasons than Christmas are extant, and the term is used for the cheerful songs of birds. The existence of the term long before the time of Charles Duke of Orleans, who was taken prisoner after the battle of Agincourt (1415), sets aside the proposed derivation from his name Carolus, which, it is said, was first applied to his special songs, and then to Christmas songs. The name of Carol can be traced as far back as the seventh century, where in St. Owen's "Life of St. Eligius, Bishop of Noyau," written about the year 672, Carols are classed with balls, dances, diabolical songs, and solstices, whatever they may be.

In the Celtic-Cornish dialect there are Christmas Carols which were written and sung while the tongue was yet a living speech, and this must have been before the reign of Queen Elizabeth at least. Philologists affirm that the diction of some of these Carols carries their origin into a remote antiquity. Here it may be mentioned that there is a Breton song as old as the fifth century very like a Carol.

There is a Carol in the Anglo-Norman dialect still preserved in the British Museum (MS. Reg. 16), but this is convivial rather than religious. By this we infer that the term Carol was used for songs other than those upon the Nativity at that early date. Later we find that this is distinctly the case. The song in the Towneley Mysteries beginning—

Herkyn, hyrdes, awake, gyf loving ye shalle,  
He is borne for your sake, Lorde perpetualle  
He is comen to take and rawnson you alle,  
Youre sorowe to slake, Kyng imperialle

He behestys

That chylde is borne,  
At Bethlehem this morne,  
Ye shalle fynde Hym beforne

Betwix two bestys.

is certainly as old as the 14th Century. There is also a song in the nature of a Carol in the Coventry pageant of the Shearmen and Tailors, belonging to the 15th Century,— "Lulla, thou littel tine' child," in which the cruelty of the decree of Herod is referred to. The music of this song has been preserved.

"Nowells," as Carols were called in English, *Noëls* in French, are many, some of them very peculiar and interesting. There is one of the time of Henry VI. having two sets of words,—one sacred and one secular.



The Sacred words begin thus :—

"Nowell, nowell, nowell, nowell,

This is the salutation of the Aungell Gabryell."

A note appended runs thus—

"This is the tewyn for the song foloying, yf so be that ye wyll have another tewyn, it may be at your plesure, for I have set all the song."

The "song foloying" is in praise of "Good ale," and it is intended as a parody on "Nowell."

The "tewyn," or melody, is very quaint and archaic, church-like in character, and the droll union of solemn music to roystering words, tends to show that human nature was much the same four hundred years ago as it is now. It also furnishes a contradiction to the statement that this sort of church song to secular words was a device of the Puritans of the 17th Century to bring Popery into contempt. Some of the early Carols are in Macaronic verse, a mixture of Latin with the ordinary speech, as for instance in the hymn written in the reign of Henry VIII. :—

"Now make us ioye in this feste,  
In quo Xtus natus est,  
A patre unigenitus  
iij song maydens cam till us,  
Syng we to hym and say wel come,  
Veni Redemptor gentium."

Macaronic Carols belong not only to England, but also to France, Italy, Holland and Germany.

About the time of Henry VIII. there seems to have arisen two distinct forms of Carols, the one grave in style, the other more lively in measure, festive in character and familiar in allusions. The first one, probably, sung in churches, or through the streets in solemn procession, or from house to house; the last inside the house, "at the latter end of a sea-coal fire." In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the practice of singing Carols was a well-established custom. The ballad poets contributed largely to the stores of Carols of all sorts. The Carol beginning—

"All you that are to mirth inclined,"

was written by Thomas Deloney, about 1590. In the reign of James I., Carols were in high repute. As Puritanism gained power and influence, the singing of Carols at Christmas was looked upon with an eye of disfavour. There were some members of the rising party who defended their use among poor ignorant people as being "oftentimes taken with a song, that will flye a sermon." Another said "Christmasse Kariles, if they be such as are fit for the time, and of holy and sober composures, and used with Christian sobriety and piety, they are not unlawful, and may be profitable, if they be sung with grace in the heart."

However, in 1642, the singing of Carols was voted superstitious, and, further, the Parliament directed "that no observation shall be had of the five-and-twentieth day of December, commonly called Christmas Day, nor any solemnity used or exercised in churches upon that day in respect thereof." The Scottish Parliament, nearly a century before, in

1555, had suppressed Christmas by authority. The decree of Parliament and the rigour with which pains and penalties were enforced, had the effect of silencing music, especially that of a *quasi*-religious character. The observance of Christmas was kept up in remote country places, and the singing of Carols seems never to have been without a witness from time to time. Little was known about the history of Carols in the reign of Queen Anne. We find a clergyman, the Rev. Arthur Bedford, who, having been struck by the beauty of the verses of "A Virgin unspotted," an old Carol, which he heard in a country place, printed a version with an explanation. "A Christmas Carol," he says, "because such were in use in the reign of Charles I."

Warton, in his *History of English Poetry* (1774-1781), makes allusion to Carols, but attaches small importance to them. Neither does he seem to know how valuable an item of folk-song they once were. As specimens of ballad literature they might have been worth his attention. The opportunity for collecting or transcribing many traditional Carols was lost by him and others of the period, and many interesting pieces, which have now completely disappeared, might have been saved to posterity.

The ballad singers and beggars kept alive the traditions and ministered to the popular love for Carols. But the nature of this provision was precarious. The Carols were often printed at the dictation of the singers, and their verses were often "halt, lame, and blind, yet compelled to come within the scansion" somehow.

William Hone, in his *Ancient Mysteries*, gives a list of eighty-nine Carols he had collected, all of which were annually kept in print by the ballad printers. Out of this list Mr. W. S. Fortey, the genial representative of the old Catnach Press, Seven Dials prints only fourteen, Mr. H. Parker Such, of the Borough, Mr. Taylor, of Brick Lane, Spitalfields, and the broadside printers throughout the country, only add some half-a-dozen other Carols to Mr. Fortey's list.

Hone's lament in the year 1823 that no one had attempted a collection of these fugitive pieces brought into existence the books of Davies Gilbert, William Sandys, Dr. Rimbault, John Wallace Fyfe, W. H. Husk, the Rev. R. Chope, Joshua Sylvester (John Camden Hotten), and ultimately those of Helmore, Sedding, A. H. Brown, and Stainer and Bramley. These books of Carols contain new as well as old, adaptations from old English relics, translations from the French, Breton, Spanish, German, and Dutch.

There are many Carols of both ancient and modern date in the Welsh tongue, few of which have been printed. The Carols of Ireland differ in no degree from those of England; but, for reasons already alluded to, probably Carols are rarely printed in Scotland, or if they are, copies do not find their way south and keep there like their human countrymen.

The earliest English printed collection known was that of Wynkyn de Worde in 1531, only one leaf of which is preserved in the Bodleian Library of

Oxford. There are two Carols on this precious leaf, one of which, "A Caroll brynging in the Bore's Heed," is still sung annually in a modified form at Queen's College, Oxford, on Christmas Eve.

The subjects of many of the religious Carols are drawn from the Apocryphal New Testament, such as those beginning "Joseph was an old man," commonly called "The Cherry Tree Carol," from the chief incident of the poem—The cherry tree bowing down its topmost branches laden with ripest fruit to satisfy the longing of the Virgin Mary. The Carol, "As I passed by a river side," in which the roasted fowl crows at the banquet table to testify to the birth of the king whom Herod could not destroy; "I saw three ships come sailing in," "What is this which is but one?" "As it fell out one May morning," in which the child-Christ's first sorrow is described; "Saint Stephen was an holy man," and many others, including those which tell of the marriage of the Virgin with Joseph; "the budding of the rod" and like Apocryphal matters. The source whence a great number has been taken is of course the sacred narrative. Some of the comments and allusions speak of other originals than English. Thus, Longfellow's "I hear along the street," and one or two others, are translations from the Breton dialect. The tunes to which the Carols are set may be traced in some cases to the old Church modes, to some of the early Chorales, to ballad tunes, dance melodies, and things of like import.

The Festive Carols are many. They are probably of greater antiquity than the religious Carols. It is not difficult to find in their performance some reference to the practices observed at the time of the Roman Saturnalia, the winter festivals of the Druids, and the Gothic or Scandinavian feast of Yule.

The Anglo-Norman Carol of the Thirteenth Century alluded to above, makes no allusion to the Nativity, but enlarges upon the customary hospitality of the time, and ends with the words *Wassail* and *Drinkhail*, the usual Saxon toasts. There is a large number of Carols to the Holly and the Ivy, more or less Pagan in their allusions. The people's reverence for the shrubs, and their connection with Christmas, based upon tradition, is too wide and deep to be wholly uprooted.

The revival of Carol-singing in churches during the last few years has called forth a number of very beautiful verses, wedded to equally beautiful music.

Now that they are "allowed to be sung in Churches," and are no longer regarded as "papistical rites," they take their place quietly, and have no particular significance attached to them. The religious Carol is a living thing. The Festive Carol is dead, or only speaks with force and meaning to the Antiquary and the Student of Philology.

W. A. BARRETT.

M. MASSENET has written a new song and chorus for the third act of *Manon*, where it comes in at a most opportune moment. It is conceived in the old-fashioned style, and is extremely quaint and melodious. The refrain is proverbial in form, "Profitions bien de la jeunesse."

## PLUM-PUDDING SET TO MUSIC.

THROUGHOUT a period of absence from "my own, my native land," extending over well-nigh a score of years, it was my lot to spend Christmas more than once in places that, even from the modern British tourist's point of view, may be classed as "out-of-the way," and amongst people having no cognizance whatsoever of our Christmas symbols or of the fare we deem peculiarly appropriate to our family celebrations of the chief Christian anniversary. When compelled by circumstances over which I had no control to pass the festive season in some "foreign part" belonging to the category above alluded to, I invariably made an effort—prompted thereto by those old associations which exercise so irresistible an influence upon Englishmen wandering far from home—to get up a genuine, thorough-going Christmas dinner for my own delectation and that of any other Briton who, like myself, happened to be enduring temporary exile within my reach. Need I say that plum-pudding constituted the leading—nay, the one indispensable feature of these *symposia*? The mince-pie I have always regarded as an institution of secondary importance; whereas plum-pudding is an absolute essential to the due observance of the Nativity feast. As far as I am personally concerned, this axiom only holds good when Christmastide comes upon me abroad. In these isles I never eat plum-pudding at that or any other season; for I do not like it, and it disagrees with me in a quite surprising manner. But I have consumed it—or something more or less like it—on the 25th of December in Berlin, Vienna, Rome, Versailles (at a memorable Christmas banquet, eaten within hearing of the guns of Mont Valérien, and in the company of twenty Englishmen well-known to fame, *entr' autres* William Howard Russell, Alfred Austin, the late Lord Amphil, Hilary Skinner, and poor Bob Landells), Belgrade, Pesth, and Bucharest. It is of an exceptionally quaint plum-pudding experience that accrued to me in the last-named capital—commonly known to Mudie's subscribers as "The City of Pleasure"—that I propose to give some account in this, my December contribution to THE LUTE.

At the time to which I refer, the State which has lately blossomed out into Royal rank under the style and title of the Kingdom of Roumania was a fief of Turkey, officially known as the United Principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia, forlorn of railways, badly-off for roads, and governed in a happy-go-lucky sort of way by an intelligent but curiously dissolute Hospodar, hight John Alexander Cusa. The Roumanians were in many important respects a long way behind the inhabitants of Central and Western Europe; several arts of modern civilisation were unknown to them; they were as ignorant of plum-pudding, for instance, as is the unborn babe. Yes! strange and even unnatural as it may appear to English apprehensions, the Dacians of '64 were as good and happy as it was in their nature to be at Christmastide (their *Serbatore*



Craciunului, by the way, comes off twelve days later than our Feast of the Nativity) without the stimulus to virtuous conviviality that is afforded by plum-pudding. Having ascertained that such was the case by painstaking enquiry, and being detained by the exigencies of a special mission on the banks of "sweet Dumbovizza" during the festive week, I resolved that I would have an indisputable English plum-pudding for my Christmas dinner, or know the reason why. I may as well say at once that I fulfilled the latter moiety of my resolve as completely as the fondest heart could wish—but not the former.

I had set up house—or rather, rooms in somebody else's house—in a modest kind of way, and engaged a native cook who, being a gipsy as well as a Moldavian, was musical to the core. Meticka (the Roumanian diminutive for Demetrius) could play the fiddle or *ciomblán* with excellent taste and spirit, and sing right tunelessly with a soft light tenor voice that would have made the fortune of a French or German hero of operetta. He was also an adept in the somewhat primitive culinary science of Moldo-Wallachia, and could turn out a dish of *uâ impletată* (stuffed egg-plant) as well as the Hospodar's chef himself. A cheerier cook than Meticka—one freer from professional prejudices or more eager to please his master for the time being—I never encountered. Instead of scowling at suggestions after the approved manner of his kind, he received them with genial smiles; and the less he understood them the more energetically did he endeavour to carry them out. In spite of one or two startling surprises I had experienced, resulting from his failure to give practical expression to my theoretical instructions, I had faith in Meticka. I deemed him capable of compounding and cooking the plum-pudding *in prospectu* upon which I had fixed my mind's eye; the more so that a happy fancy, as I believed, had inspired me with an expedient for guarding him against any of the errors of interpretation or shortcomings of memory that had frustrated his previous efforts to realise my wishes.

It happened that I had with me, nestling in a secret drawer of my travelling-desk, a maternal grand-aunt's recipe for the composition of an inimitable plum-pudding. Throughout my wanderings *per mare per terras* I had never parted from this precious document, regarded in my family with deep reverence as the abiding record of a sublime revelation especially vouchsafed to a gifted ancestress. I translated the muniment in question into current Roumanian, and—early in the third week in December—proceeded in person to purchase each several ingredient incident to the preparation of a pudding which, for me, was invested with the hallowed character of an heir-loom. This done, it became incumbent upon me to induce Meticka to learn by heart the text of my deceased great-aunt's instructions "How to make a Christmas Pudding," as well as the names of that dainty's component parts and the proportions in which they were to be utilised. After I had recited all these details to him in my most impressive manner, I added, "Now, my good

Meticka, is there not some easy, popular air in your repertoire of national melodies to which you could adapt this recipe? I think that, were you to sing it about the house for a week or so—say, as frequently as you are in the habit of favouring us with "Doi ochi" or "Cinel, cinel"—you might, so to speak, make it a part of your own being, and thus obviate the possibility of forgetting the least of its prescriptions." His dark eyes sparkled with intelligent joy as he replied, "Beloved sir, there is such an air. You must know it well, for all the *laotari* (minstrels) sing it, and it is the delight of the Boyars. 'Am un leû' will take any words; it is an elastic tune. Leave it to me, *domnă*; in an hour your pudding-words shall fit it like a glove!"

It may be as well to mention here parenthetically that the favourite lay of Roumanian peer and peasant alike—probably because its leading incident is one eminently calculated to enlist the national sympathies—is intitled "Am un leû, s'am se'l bé," and embodies a salient Dacian instinct with remarkable exactitude in its first verse, which may be roughly Anglicised as follows;

I've a piastre—'t isn't mine—

Traderideridera.

Nevertheless I'll spend it in wine.

Traderideridera.

That being done, my conscience may tell

Me whether I have done ill or well.

Traderi, derideridera

Houp là! deridera!

These spirited words, and others to follow, dealing with petty frauds in a light-hearted temper which is highly appreciated in the *scumpă țeară și frumoasă* (sweet and lovely land) that gave my musical Meticka birth, are set to a no less spirited tune—almost the only Roumanian melody known to me that is composed in an exclusively major key; and, as he reminded me, I had certainly heard it a few hundred times during my sojourn in the Principalities, then drawing towards its close.

Meticka committed the recipe to memory; and, having skilfully adjusted its items and edicts to the above popular melody, went about the house for a day or two more tunelessly than ever, singing it at the top of his voice in fifteen verses or so. If I remember aright the opening stanza ran thus:—

Făină, grăsimă, amestecat;

Lemăe zagharisită și patrat

Stafide, migdale, mai multe ouă

Smochine, bere, pușcin rachiū:—

or, in the vernacular,

Flour and suet, sugar and spice,

Candied lemon-peel, cut into dice,

Currants and eggs and almonds a few,

Raisins and beer, and brandy, too:—

with the "Traderiderideras" all in their proper places, and the jocund "Houp là!" to wind up with. On Christmas Day, Meticka became almost oppressively vocal with the pudding-song. As the dinner-hour approached, his confidence in the proximate realization of all the promise so melodiously set forth by that ditty rose to joyous certainty, until the "Houp là!" of his refrain became,



as it were, the triumphant outcry of irrefragable conviction. As I heard him thus proudly carolling in the fulness of his heart, I murmured complacently "My Christmas pudding is an accomplished fact."

When, however, the pudding made its appearance on my table in due succession to *carne de boud fripta* (roast beef) and *curcân fertu* (boiled turkey) it proved to be a gruesome porridge, thick and slab, brownish-grey in colour, studded with dark glutinous knobs of evil aspect, and singularly malodorous. All the precautions of the careful Briton—all the minstrelsy of the trustful Dacian had only resulted in this revolting compound. With a mournful smile I unhesitatingly conferred it upon Meticka, whose spirits were effectually damped by a heroic attempt to consume it, and made up my mind, once for all, that (even when set to music) plum-pudding was not achievable in Roumania by faith or works, or both combined.

WM. BEATTY-KINGSTON.

#### PARISIAN OPERA-MANAGERS.

THE death of M. Vaucorbeil leaves vacant the best paid post in the whole world. His salary, in the form of an annual subvention, was 800,000 fr., or thirty-two thousand pounds in English money; and he enjoyed the free use of the magnificent opera-house built by Napoleon III., but first thrown open under the third Republic. The office, too, has always been regarded as one of honour as well as emolument, and, under the old monarchy, to attack the opera was an offence which exposed its author to pains and penalties of a severe kind. It was not without meaning that Beaumarchais's *Figaro*, in his famous soliloquy, classed opera with the government, among the things which he was *not* at liberty to criticise, even under the supervision of "two or three censors." The first manager of the Paris Opera-house, rather more than two hundred years ago, was the Abbé Perrin; nor at that time was there anything strange in placing the direction of a lyrical theatre in the hands of an ecclesiastic, for, after having been patronized in Italy by popes and cardinals, the opera had been introduced into France under the special patronage of Cardinal Mazarini or Mazarin. The feeble splendours of the abbé's management were soon, however, eclipsed by the glories of Lulli, who, besides administering the affairs of the theatre, composed works for it, and directed the orchestra. As, in connection with most inventions, there is the real author, whose name is sometimes forgotten, and the reputed author, who enjoys the credit of having originated what he has only developed and perfected, so with regard to opera in France; the true founder of the entertainment is lost sight of, and Lulli, his fortunate successor, alone remembered. To Lulli, however, really belongs the merit of giving France a long series of French operas, all composed and produced by himself. He did, in fact, for French opera, with very inferior talent, and in a very inferior way, what, thirty or forty years later, Handel was to do for Italian opera in England. The traditions

of Lulli, a naturalized Italian, were continued in the early part of the eighteenth century by a native composer, Rameau, who assumed the direction of the opera in 1687. The French opera was then called, as it was from its first foundation until after the fall of the third Napoleon, "Académie de Musique," in consequence of its having been established under a royal patent granted originally for an academy in the sense of "accademia" or Concert; and it was regarded as without its equal in Europe, though Rousseau, who mentions this curious fact both in his *Dictionary of Music* and in his *Nouvelle Heloise*, explains that it was only the French themselves who so regarded it. Rousseau, who had heard operatic performances in Italy, and who wrote as though he had also heard them at Dresden—pre-eminent at that time for its orchestra—had the greatest contempt for the opera of Paris, which, from a safe distance, he attacked at every opportunity. Dr. Burney, too, found it detestable; and at a later period when, some fifteen years before the Revolution, Gluck arrived in Paris, to be followed soon afterwards by Piccini, the two rival composers were quite of one mind as to the incompetence of the singers for whom they were expected to write.

The Revolution had no such disastrous effect on the opera as might have been anticipated. The establishment of the Paris Conservatoire, as of the whole educational system of France, dates from this period, which was by no means one of destruction alone. The members of the Paris Commune seemed for a time to have treated the opera as an agreeable place of entertainment for themselves, taking possession of the best boxes, interfering in all the details of the management, and threatening singers who were suspected of reactionary tendencies with the guillotine. They ordered, too, that when in an opera the hateful expression "le roi" occurred it should be replaced by "la loi." A vocalist who, having to say or sing "Le roi passait," and who saw the absurdity of representing "La loi" as doing so, substituted for the abstract "law" the concrete "pouvoir exécutif;" and this emendation on the revised version of the libretto received, luckily for him, the approbation of his managers. The views of the revolutionary Government on the subject of the opera were succinctly expressed by Hébert, a member of the Commune, who, on being appointed to the sole direction, declared in a manifesto that the opera was "the nest of the counter-revolution," adding, however, that, inasmuch as it gave means of livelihood to numbers of families, and "caused the agreeable arts to flourish," it must be supported. But patrons of former days were either in exile or in concealment; and a story is told of Sophie Arnould being driven home one night from the opera by a coachman who proved to be one of the most distinguished patrons of the establishment under the Royalty, and who, after refusing to take his fare, accepted gratefully the vocalist's invitation to sup with her. The revolutionary Government abolished a number of privileges enjoyed by the opera at the expense of other

theatres, all of which, except the Comédie Française, were obliged to contribute towards its support. The Convention did away with privileges and patents, and allowed anyone to open a theatre, for no matter what kind of performance. The result of this wide liberty was seen in the opening of no less than sixty-three theatres, of which sixteen were devoted to opera. There was an alarming tightness in the money market. But everyone found money for theatrical entertainments: a state of things which suggested to a writer of the day something like the following:—

"The Romans," 'twas said,  
Lived on 'bread and the play.'  
The play without bread  
Serves the French of to-day."

The Revolution gave us no musical works of importance. Numbers of patriotic and antimonarchical cantatas were brought out, and the opera-singers were required to take part in all kinds of national solemnities, such as the funeral of Mirabeau and the transportation of Voltaire's remains to the Panthéon. Napoleon maintained the opera on a grand scale and restored to it the privileges and exclusive rights of which it had been deprived at the time of the Revolution. At the Restoration it passed, as during the Regency, under the management of a committee of noblemen, who engaged at will any artist whose interests they wished to push, until at last, when heavy debts had been incurred, the management was entrusted to only one of the number, M. Sosthène de la Rochefoucauld. In 1820, the Duc de Berri having been struck by an assassin as he was about to leave the opera, the Archbishop of Paris would only consent to administer to him the last sacrament on the formal promise that the temple of pleasure to which he was asked to bear the sacred elements should afterwards be razed to the ground. The prelate's absurd stipulation was punctually complied with; and a new abode for the opera having been hastily run up in wood and plaster, the direction of the establishment was entrusted to Habeneck, famous as an orchestral conductor, and under his management and musical supervision two masterpieces destined to world-wide celebrity were produced—Auber's *Masaniello* and Rossini's *William Tell*. When Louis Philippe came to the throne the direction was given to Dr. Véron—known also as an inventor of throat lozenges and as proprietor and editor of the *Constitutionnel*. All the mysteries of opera management have been set forth by Dr. Véron in his highly interesting *Mémoires d'un Bourgeois de Paris*. His greatest achievement as an impresario was the production of Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable*, but he profited also by the success of *Masaniello* and *William Tell*; and though he received the subvention of 800,000 francs for only one year, he contrived during his five years' management to make so much money that a member of the Church of Deputies rose in his place to ask—"Whether it would not be enough to enable the manager of the opera to make his fortune in ten years instead of only three; or whether to do so

would be to reduce him to the level of a banker or a member of the Stock Exchange." Since Dr. Véron's time, no manager has ever conducted the Paris opera without the customary subvention, annually paid. None of his successors, however (among whom M. Nestor Roqueplan, the founder of the Paris *Figaro*, and M. Alphonse Royer, the dramatist, may in particular be mentioned), made a fortune by managing the opera; and several lost heavily through the enterprise. Dr. Véron was a successful manager, because Auber, Rossini and Meyerbeer, whose works he represented, were admirable composers. M. Vaucorbeil's successor will have the difficulty to deal with which pressed M. Vaucorbeil, his predecessor, M. Halanzier and so many managers of late years;—that of carrying on an operatic enterprise without operas of real merit to depend upon.

H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.

### "THE POPULAR BALLAD."

—O—

IN the last number of THE LUTE appeared a recipe for the manufacture of the drawing-room ballad, compiled by the versatile "Dagonet." We are glad to see that the good advice has not fallen in barren places. A poetic gentleman, residing in Shoreditch, has sent us the following exquisite *morceau*, which, with the modesty of true genius, he says: "only requires a good melody." Both in rhyme and reason it is superior to many of the compositions now so fashionable; and it combines a practical spirit of enquiry with a most tender vein of sentiment. It should be dedicated to Mr. Mundella:—

#### AT THE VILLAGE SCHOOL.

While passing through the "far-famed West," 'twixt  
Bristol and Penzance,

At a charming little village, I dropped on all by chance,  
The school-house struck my fancy, bein (sic.) hid among  
the trees,

And the children's voices floating so softly on the breeze,

With the A, B, C, and the one, two, three,

Oh! it woke a cord (sic.) down in my heart to sweetest  
melody;

And I bless the fates that led me, by a wise, unerring  
rule,

On that lovely autumn morning, to the Village School.

Thinks I, this is so picturesque, I'll step inside and see  
How Education doth progress in this locality;  
But as I stood inside the door, my heart went out in full,  
To the dainty little mistress of the Village School.

With the A, B, C, and the one, two, three, &c.

I humbly apologised for trespassing, and so,  
She soon became quite chatty and friendly-like, you  
know.

And tho' backward in love's language, I soon began to  
tell

My alphabet quite plainly at the Village School.

With the A, B, C, and the one, two, three, &c.

"MORE pupils make masters, than masters make pupils," is a gibe often vented at the professor, whose lot it is to toil from day to day, and year to year, in the task of instructing youths in the art of music. Unhappily for the master there is little truth in the saying, for generally speaking, scholars bring neither wealth nor fame; yet in particular cases we find the brilliant success of a pupil will drag from obscurity the name of the teacher. For instance, the sudden popularity of Dvorák naturally called up the enquiry "Who was his master?" On finding that he had been taught at a music-school in Prague, kept by one Friedrich Smetana, the idea might have occurred to the enterprising conductor of the Crystal Palace Concerts, that compositions by this master of Dvorák would be worth trying. At any rate, Mr. Manns brought out, in 1881 and 1882, two symphonic poems, *Vltava*, and *Vysehrad*, which, however, did not receive enthusiastic applause; but nothing daunted he placed in the programme of the first concert of the present season, held October 18th, an "overture to a comedy," by Smetana, the performance of which, although at the fag end of the concert, wrought quite a sensation. It is undoubtedly a bright and joyous composition, and, more than this, a finely-constructed work. The subjects are striking in the highest degree, while in the treatment there is everywhere present the very spirit of fun and mockery. Whilst joining in the merriment one could not but cast a thought at the sad destiny to which the author of this jovial music was doomed. As far back as 1874 deafness, which afterwards became total, compelled him to resign the post of conductor to the National Theatre of Prague. Loss of hearing was eventually followed by loss of reason, and the end came in the early part of last spring, when this once joyous soul took its flight from the darkened earth.

SPEAKING of the *Travatore*, we may call attention to a recently-published return of the performances given last season at the Berlin opera-house, from which it appears that though the works of Wagner obtained a good many representations, the opera which was heard more often than any other was precisely the much-abused but constantly played *Travatore*. The second most popular work was Gounod's *Faust*; and both the graceful Auber and the sometimes insipid, sometimes frivolous Adolphe Adam made their appearance now and then on the bill. Adolphe Adam, however, seems to be known in Germany only by his *Postillon de Lonjumeau* which, again, owes its reputation chiefly to the success with which, for so many years, the part of the postillion was played by Herr Wachtel—himself, it may be remembered, a sort of postillion in early life. To return for a moment to the *Travatore*, the death of its librettist, or rather of the author of the tragedy of the same name on which the libretto of *Il Travatore* is founded, has taken place since our last issue. Senor Gutierrez, the writer in question, was considered one of the first dramatists in Spain—which only shows to what a low point in dramatic matters the country of Calderon and Lope de Vega has fallen.

AMONGST the mural "reminders" that abound in the French capital is one, just added to their number, of special interest to present and future lovers of the lyric drama. It is a memorial tablet of white marble, affixed to the frontage of No. 42, Rue Mazarin, a house facing the end of the Rue Guénégoud and standing on the site of the building

in which, on March 13, 1671, opera was, for the first time, performed in Paris. The inaugural work selected for performance on the occasion in question was *Pomone*, a lyric spectacular drama founded upon a mythological subject, the joint composition of two theatrical managers—Périn, an "abbé mondain," who wrote the libretto, and Cambert, a "maitre de chapelle," who set it to music. The piece was mounted with a splendour thitherto unfamiliar to the French stage, and presented several entirely novel scenic effects, which took the public by surprise, and elicited enthusiastic applause. *Pomone*, in fact, proved a brilliant success, and ran for nearly a year, performed nightly to crowded houses. One cannot help wondering what sort of a reception it would encounter from the Parisians of to-day, were it reproduced upon the boards of the stately theatre in the Place de l'Opéra. Another dramatic reminiscence of no inconsiderable interest clings to the narrow, shabby old Rue de Mazarin. It was in a small theatre situate in that once fashionable street that public performances were for the first time given by "les comédiens du Roi;" a privileged company of Court actors which subsequently developed into the honoured institution known as the Théâtre Français; under which title of world-wide renown it exists and flourishes at the present day. The artistic forefathers of Got, Coquelin and Delaunay played—and played right well, according to chroniclers of their day—in a "salle" not much larger than a well-to-do farmer's barn, almost in the dark, and with no scenery or appointments to speak of. In those times the Rue Mazarin was thronged nightly by beaux and belles, the *fine fleur* of the French aristocracy; now it is one of the quietest, murkiest thoroughfares in Paris.

THE fame of *The Rose of Sharon* grows apace. Its success in the Metropolis has even exceeded what was anticipated for it after the eventful triumph achieved at Norwich. Introduced at the opening concert of the Sacred Harmonic Society's season on the 7th ult., Mr. Mackenzie's dramatic oratorio received the approving *cachet* of an assemblage that was as critical as it was crowded. A better performance could have been desired. The choir had not altogether mastered the intricacies of an exacting task, nor did the orchestration receive an absolutely worthy rendering; but, thanks to the inspiring energy of the composer (who conducted) and the admirable efforts of the soloists (identical, save in one instance, with the Norwich cast) sufficient justice was done *The Rose of Sharon* to place its beauties in no uncertain light. The delight of the audience found expression in frequent and often rapturous applause. Yet further confirmation of the Norwich verdict was forthcoming at the Crystal Palace on the 22nd ult., when *The Rose* was repeated before a gathering that filled every place in the huge concert-room. On this occasion the Sacred Harmonic choir co-operated with Mr. Manns's band, and Mr. Mackenzie again wielding the bâton, more satisfactory executive results were accomplished. The "cuts" here introduced were even more extensive than at St. James's Hall, and with corresponding advantage to the general effect. Again was the reception of the work marked by rare and spontaneous enthusiasm. Its enduring popularity would seem to be assured, and no clearer sign of this could be instanced than the offer of those Norwich choristers who, to secure an adequate performance, would have come up to the Crystal Palace and taken part in *The Rose of Sharon* at their own entire expense.



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## THE LUTE.

LONDON, MONDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1884.

"THE past, present and future of France and Germany, considered from a musical point of view," might appropriately serve as a title for a paper recently read to the French Institute by that accomplished musician, M. Saint-Saëns, who always

speaks to the purpose when dealing with the art to which his life, from early boyhood, has been devoted. "Formerly," he observes, *inter alia*, "France was not harmonic or melodic, in the exclusive sense of those terms; she was dramatic. Whilst Italy, the home of the lyric drama, subordinated drama to melody; whilst Germany, imparting a prodigious impetus to instrumental music, allowed drama to be invaded by symphony, and, dazzled by her own light, lost the true sense of vocal style; France laid hold of the lyric drama and steadfastly subordinated its vocal and instrumental elements to its dramatic action. The greatest foreign composers, when they worked for France, were bound to adopt this view; very profitably to themselves, as everybody knows. Gluck, Spontini, Rossini, Meyerbeer, not to mention others, found in French taste a safe guide, showing them the way to attain the supreme expression of their genius. Musical France, moreover, was scientific as well as dramatic. Whilst Bach was building up his huge edifice—a sort of Gothic cathedral, the colossal proportions and marvellous sculptures of which dumbfounder the imagination—our great Rameau was laying the foundations of a theory of harmony, and making astonishing discoveries by which he was the first to profit in his bold and potent works. . . . The Germany of to-day has attained the apogee of musical development. Polyphony has made extravagant progress under the influence of the development of instrumentation, which has assumed, so to speak, the proportions of a new element introduced into art; whilst harmony, enriched by modern innovations, has added its fresh enchantments to those of orchestral colour. Germany, meanwhile, appears to regard mere melody with ever-increasing contempt—a phenomenon which may be compared to that which manifested itself during the sixteenth century in the school of Palestrina. What is about to happen? Will France—who never allows herself to be led into musical excesses—have influence enough to hinder this movement? Or will she be carried away? The result of the struggle now being fought out will decide the musical future of the world, perhaps for a long time to come."

"GERMANY," continues M. Saint-Saëns, "exercises considerable power in the realm of music, which power she unquestionably owes to the great value of the works she has produced. But this is not all. In every part of the world where an orchestra and chorus can be got together Germans are to be found, bent upon acclimatising the music of their leading Masters. In justice to them it must be admitted that the music to which they impart the widest circulation, next to their own, is that of France. But how much more extensive would be the influence of our school if our young musicians could only make up their minds to cross continents and oceans, acting for a few years as pioneers of French art whilst acquiring experience and renown which would stand them in good stead on their return! . . . Should Germany triumph, it may be that melody will be thrust into the background, for a time at least. Were this the case, there would be no need for either rejoicing or lamentation. The sixteenth century, with no resources but vocal music and a few chords, was able to dispense with melody; it will be still easier to do without it now-a-days, seeing how harmony and instrumentation have been developed of late. But we lack a doctrine, which sixteenth century musicians did not. Practice has advanced more rapidly than theory; everybody is experimental, and each man does as he pleases. Only those whose duty it is to read a great deal, in

Dedicated to  
HERR AUGUST LORTZING.

# “OH NIGHT, MOST BEAUTIFUL!”

## Part-Song.

Words by  
**BUCHANAN READ.**

Composed by  
**JOSEPH L. ROECKEL.**

LONDON:  
PATEY & WILLIS, 44, GT MARLBOROUGH ST., W.

*Andante.* (M.M.  $\text{♩} = 76$ .)

*Prano.* *p* Oh Night, most beau\_ti - ful and rare! . . . . . Thou

*Alto.* *p* Oh Night, most beau\_ti - ful and rare! . . . . . Thou

*Tenor.* Oh Night, most beau\_ti - ful and

*Bass.*

*Accomp.* *p*

*Lib.*

*cres.*  
giv'st the heav'ns their holiest hue, . . . . . And *cres.*

*cres.*  
giv'st the heav'ns their holiest hue, . . . . . And *cres.*

*cres.*  
rare! Thou giv'st the heav'ns their holiest

*cres.*

through the a - zure fields of air ..... Bring'st

through the a - zure fields of air ..... Bring'st

hue, And through the a - zure fields of air Bring'st

And through the a - zure fields of air Bring'st

down the gen - tle dew . . . .

down the gen - tle dew . . . .

down the gen - tle dew . . . .

down the gen - tle dew . . . . Most glo - rious oc - cupant of

And fair - - est of the earth and sea,

And fair - - est of the earth and sea,

And fair - - est of the earth and sea, The

heav'n, And fair - - est of the earth and sea,



*cres.* Im - pe - rial Night, to  
*cres.* Im - pe - rial Night, to  
*cres.* won - ders of the sky are giv'n Im - pe - rial Night, to  
*cres.* Im - pe - rial Night, to

thee! The won - ders of the sky are giv'n Im -  
 thee! The won - ders of the sky are giv'n Im -  
 thee! The won - ders of the sky are giv'n Im -  
 of thee! Im -

*rall.* - pe - rial Night, to thee! *dolce.* For thou with an - gel  
*p dolce.* - pe - rial Night, to thee! For thou with an - gel  
*p dolce.* The - pe - rial Night, to thee! For thou with an - gel  
*p dolce.* - pe - rial Night, to thee! For thou with an - gel  
*rall.* *f* *p*

mu - sic blest, Didst stand in that fair age... a - far, And

mu - sic blest, Didst stand in that fair age... a - far, And

mu - sic blest, Didst stand in that fair age... a - far, And

mu - sic blest, Didst stand in that fair age... a - far, And

hold up - - on thy trem - bling breast Mes -

hold up - - on thy trem - bling breast Mes -

hold up - - on thy trem - bling breast Mes -

hold up - - on thy trem - bling breast Mes -

si - - - ah's... he rald star!

si - - - ah's... he rald star!

si - - - ah's... he rald star!

si - - - ah's... he rald star!

*Come Prima.*

In O - - livet thou heard'st Him pray, . . . . . And

In O - - livet thou heard'st Him pray, . . . . . And

In O - - livet thou heard'st Him

*Come Prima.*

*p*

wept thy dew in soft\_er light . . . . . And

wept thy dew in soft\_er light . . . . . And

pray And wept thy dew in soft\_er

*cres.*

kiss'd His sa - cred tears a - way, . . . . . Thrice

kiss'd His sa - cred tears a - way, . . . . . Thrice

light, And kiss'd His sa - cred tears a - way, Thrice

And kiss'd His sa - cred tears a - way, Thrice



bless - ed, lov - ing Night!...  
 bless - ed, lov - ing Night!...  
 bless - ed, lov - ing Night!...  
 bless - ed, lov - ing Night!... For this I love thy hallow'd  
 For more than this thrice blest thou  
 For more than this thrice blest thou  
 For more than this thrice blest thou  
 reign; For more than this thrice blest thou  
 art, By  
 art, By  
 art, Thou gain'st the un - be - lie - ver's brain By  
 art, By  
 art, By

Musical notation includes treble and bass staves for both voice and lute. Dynamics include *p* (piano), *pp* (pianissimo), and *cres.* (crescendo). The key signature is B-flat major (two flats).

ent' - ring at the heart! Thou gain'st the un - be -

ent' - ring at the heart! Thou gain'st the un - be -

ent' - ring at the heart! Thou gain'st the un - be -

ent' - ring at the heart!

- lie - ver's brain By ent' - ring at the heart! Oh...

- lie - ver's brain By ent' - ring at the heart! Oh...

- lie - ver's brain By ent' - ring at the heart! Oh...

By ent' - ring at the heart! Oh...

Night, whose lov - - ing... smile di - vine Thus

Night, whose lov - - ing... smile di - vine Thus

Night, whose lov - - ing... smile di - vine Thus

Night, whose lov - - ing... smile di - vine Thus

lifts the spi - - rit from . . . the dust, God's

lifts the spi - - rit from . . . the dust, God's

lifts the spi - - rit from . . . the dust, God's

lifts the spi - - rit from . . . the dust, God's

best and bright - est gifts are thine - All

best and bright - est gifts are thine - All

best and bright - est gifts are thine - All

best and bright - est gifts are thine - All

*molto rit.* thine, . . . . . and it . . . . . is . . . . . just!

*molto rit.* thine, . . . . . and . . . . . it . . . . . is . . . . . just!

*molto rit.* thine, . . . . . and . . . . . it . . . . . is . . . . . just!

*molto rit.* thine, . . . . . and . . . . . it . . . . . is . . . . . just!

*molto rit.* thine, . . . . . and . . . . . it . . . . . is . . . . . just!



order to keep themselves up to the mark in their art, can realise the state of anarchy just now prevailing. Were a man of genius to crop up, capable of condensing stray facts and elaborating a doctrine sufficiently vigorous to subject men's wills to its laws, we should perhaps witness the reproduction of 16th century phenomena. A re-action in the direction of simplicity will doubtless succeed the present phase of excessive polyphony. This sequence is prescribed by the history of Art in all its forms."

A NEW opera, *The Army Chaplain*, by the composer of the *Beggar Student* and *Gasparone*, was brought out the other day at the Theatre on the Wien, and not only took a first-night audience by storm, but has since been unanimously pronounced by the Viennese critics to be the best work Carl Millocker has hitherto produced. It will probably obtain extraordinary popularity in Northern Germany, as the action of its plot takes place during a period of history particularly interesting to the descendants of the heroic patriots who, seventy years ago, freed their Fatherland from the Napoleonic yoke. In fact, the story of the *Feldprediger* is a stirring episode of the War of Emancipation, and its leading character is a high-hearted member of that famous League of Virtue which inflamed the manhood of Germany to such a fierce heat of indignation against the foreign oppressor as nothing short of his destruction could appease. The scene is laid in an East Prussian frontier township, the inhabitants of which have suffered such "choppings and changes" during the ups and downs of the Franco-Prusso-Russian struggle that they hardly know whose subjects they are, but lean rather to the French régime than to that of the Hohenzollern or Romanoff, their tiny burgh having been utilised as a military station by the "Grande Armée" for several consecutive months. It is to rouse the dormant patriotism of the Trautenfelder that Captain Hellwig, disguised as a regimental chaplain, has been sent to them by the Tugendbund, which has organised an uprising *en masse* throughout the Prussian frontier lands, and requires Trautenfeld to co-operate, at a given moment, with the neighbouring *foyers* of the national movement. The Mayor, one Heidekrug, is a time-server who, despite his inborn Prussianhood, displays the liveliest devotion to France or Russia, in conformity with the nationality of the forces holding Trautenfeld for the time being, and persuades his townsmen to follow his example. Hellwig is instructed by the League to get rid of this obnoxious official by fair means or foul. The Amtmann has two pretty daughters, who—with a view to averting certain contingencies of a hostile military occupation—are "made up" to look unattractive, with hideous red wigs, crutches and artificial deformities. Hellwig, who is billeted in the Amtmann's house, soon finds out how beautiful they are in reality, and falls desperately in love with one of them, the other being already betrothed to a local member of the League, who, of course, aids Hellwig in the execution of his mission. The latter's presence in Trautenfeld becomes somehow known to the French military authorities, who are, however, unacquainted with his *signalement*, and therefore unable to identify him. Learning this by accident, a "happy thought" strikes him. He confides to the Amtmann (who, it should be remembered, takes him for a harmless, God-fearing clergyman all the time) that he knows the agent of the League whom the French are after, and offers to describe him. Heidekrug jumps at the notion, and forthwith takes down the *signale-*

*ment*—which is his own exact description—from Hellwig's dictation. This ingenious trick turns rather happily upon the theory that no one sees himself as others see him, and supplies a capital "situation" to the first act of the opera. When the French commander subsequently musters the inhabitants of Trautenfeld in order to pick out the League's emissary by aid of this *signalement*, he naturally "spots" Heidekrug, who is promptly seized, and cast into prison, leaving Hellwig free and unsuspected to fulfil his appointed task. The *dénouement* is easy to foresee. In due course the local rising takes place; Prussian regular forces arrive to lend their aid; the French are driven out, and, finally, both pairs of lovers are made happy. The opera is eminently melodic throughout; it consists of seventeen numbers, amongst which are two admirable love duets, two spirited waltzes, a remarkably bright and cleverly-constructed trio, and at least one *finale* (Act II.) which soars into the region of grand opera. Hellwig's *aria d'entrata* is spoken of in the Viennese press as "a masterpiece of musical word-painting." On the whole, *The Army Chaplain* has proved an unqualified success, and bids fair to enjoy as long a run as its charming predecessor, the *Beggar Student*, of late so excellently produced in the provinces by the Carl Rosa Company. Presumably it will be adapted, in due course of time, to the English stage.

MENDELSSOHN'S unpublished symphony is at present under consideration by the German law courts, instead of being produced for public delectation. It seems that the heirs of the Breslau music-seller, C. F. Hientzsch, on his decease two years ago, sold his stock of printed music and MSS. out-and-out to one Paul Dinger, who found amongst the latter the full score of the symphony in question, bearing on its front page the following inscription:—"Symphony by Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy; a youthful work, presented by the composer to Mosewino in March, 1825." Dinger not unnaturally proposes to bring out the symphony at one of the Orchestral Concerts announced for the Breslau winter season. The heirs of the late Hientzsch, however, now deny his right to the manuscript, and ask him to restore it to them, which he indignantly refuses to do, on the ground that he bought the whole stock above mentioned without examining it, taking his chance of it turning out worth its price or the reverse, and therefore has a perfect right to profit by the slice of luck that has befallen him. His adversaries claim restitution in equity, alleging that a bargain so manifestly one-sided cannot be permitted to hold good, and pointing out that their claim to the MS. is the only righteous one, inasmuch as the rights of Mendelssohn's legal heirs lapsed five years ago. They have applied to the Royal Provincial Tribunal of Breslau for an injunction to restrain Dinger from causing this work to be performed in public and from selling printed copies thereof; also to compel him to give up all such copies to the officers of the said tribunal. This application—we fail to understand why, as Dinger indisputably bought and paid for the MS. of the symphony—has been complied with by the judicial authorities of the Silesian *chef-lieu*, and the case of "Hientzsch's Heirs v. Dinger" will shortly be tried by the Court of First Instance, whose judgment is looked for with great interest by musicians in Germany. In all probability, however, it will not be final, for there are at least as many stages of appeal in the German procedure as in our own, and years may elapse before it shall be finally settled to whom the

"Jugend-Sinfonie" of Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy belongs. Meanwhile, no one has a right to produce it, and the musical world at large is hindered from making its acquaintance. Of the parties to this obstructive lawsuit we may say with justifiable fervour "A plague on both their houses!"

AFTER an absence of well-nigh three years, chiefly spent in the United States and Germany, where her talents have won for her good store of laurels, as well as more solid and lasting rewards, Madame de Hesse-Wartegg (Minnie Hauk) has returned to these shores and revisited the scenes—provincial as well as metropolitan—of many a former artistic triumph. Wherever she has sung she has been warmly received by the English public, and has proved, to the satisfaction of all her audiences that the fatigues of her recent "gigantic" starring tour through the States—in the course of which she gave 120 concerts in different parts of the Union—have in no way impaired the fine quality of her powerful and flexible voice.

THE simultaneous production of Rossini's *Barber of Seville* in French, at the Opéra Comique, and in its original language at the new Italian Opera-house directed by M. Maurel, has called attention to the number of different forms which Beaumarchais's *Barbier de Seville* has taken since that vivacious writer brought back with him from Spain his first version of the work which was afterwards to become celebrated at the Théâtre Français as a comedy, and at every musical theatre in Europe as an opera. One hundred and twelve years ago, Beaumarchais submitted to the Opéra Comique—then known as the Comédie Italienne—a *Barber of Seville* arranged as a lyric comedy, the music consisting exclusively of songs and dance tunes, which he had noted down in Spain. The piece was refused, because, as Beaumarchais explained the matter, one of the principal members of the company, Clairval by name, had been formerly a hairdresser, and could not bear to hear razors spoken of in his presence. Beaumarchais, in any case, cut out the songs, and replaced them by as witty a dialogue as the French stage had known since the time of Molière. The success of the new comedy at the Théâtre Français attracted European attention; and Paisiello made it the basis of an opera, which was brought out at St. Petersburg, under the auspices of the Empress Catherine, in 1780. A German composer named Benda produced an opera on the same subject in 1782, and a German composer named Elsperger another in 1783. Schulz composed a *Barber of Seville* in French, which was given at Reinberg, in 1786, and Nicolo Isouard, an Italian, one which was played at Malta, in 1796. In 1815, a sixth lyric version of Beaumarchais's comedy was presented to the Dresden public by Morlacchi; and only a few months afterwards, in 1816, the subject was to find its definite musical expression in Rossini's admirable masterpiece. In his preface to the *Barber*, Rossini apologises for having treated a subject already handled by Paisiello, but makes no mention of the five other composers who had followed in Paisiello's footsteps; and one would have thought that, after Rossini, the subject would have been let alone. It occurred, however, to two other composers that, in setting Beaumarchais's *Barber of Seville* to music, they could do better than Rossini had done. One of these modest men was the maestro Constantino dell' Orgine, who, in 1820, asked Rossini's permission to reset Sterbini's libretto; a permission which, in a most amusing letter, Rossini hastened to grant. The new *Barber* failed completely; and it was not

until four or five years ago that a composer named Graffignia undertook the composition of yet another *Barber*; being, all counted, the ninth in operatic form. Graffignia's work met with the fate it deserved; for it was hissed successively at Ancona, Florence and Leghorn.

THE *fiasco* of the "cheap" Italian Season initiated by Mr. Samuel Hayes at Her Majesty's last month, presents, like most *fiascos*, its comic as well as its tragic side. None but the most sanguine of *impresarii* would have dared to issue the extraordinary address that preceded this strange undertaking, much less to set about the restoration of the past glories of Italian opera, with a company consisting of five or six veteran artists of fourth-rate quality. The whole thing savoured too strongly of an Egyptian expedition—started in a hurry, without due calculation of the obstacles to be overcome ere the rescue of a valued old friend could be effected. Mr. Hayes set out in his forlorn hope expecting instant response from the people of the country; he did not obtain it. A week from the date his march began all his officers were put *hors de combat* by, it is said, bad colds, and the enterprise at once collapsed; in other words, it became a total wreck, at "The First Catarrh-act." But, seriously, what chance Italian Opera has of recovering its old *status* is likely to be extinguished rather than assisted by such childish efforts.

THERE has been little in the way of exceptional interest so far in the schemes of the Popular Concerts. Mr. Chappell is depending upon the familiar favourites of his repertory rather than novelties, for although a few fresh items have appeared, nothing can be cited of greater importance than some vocal duets by the gifted Russian composer, Tschai-Kowsky, introduced with characteristic success by Miss Louise Phillips and Madame Isabel Fassett. These duets are more especially worthy of mention inasmuch as, besides bringing the charm of their own elegance and melodic grace, they have created the desire for further examples of a genius which Mr. Chappell has hitherto wholly neglected. Turning to the soloists, Madame Norman-Néruda has, throughout, been holding the honoured place of leading violin, a post that few others could fill with equal acceptance. Herr Barth, Mr. Charles Hallé, and Miss Agnes Zimmermann are among the old friends whom *habitués* have welcomed at the piano; while in Mdlle. Clotilde Kleeberg, who also made a distinct success at the Crystal Palace, has been discovered a talented young pianist whom many feel inclined to regard as a second Janotha.

IF the Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden were less largely attended during the last month of the season than they had been previously, it was due to the fault of the manager in keeping on too long rather than any falling-off in the attractiveness of his entertainment. Mr. Thomas will this year have added two experiences to those he had already earned in his directorial capacity: first, that "classical nights" cease to draw a crowd of amateurs immediately the Concerts of our recognised musical institutions are resumed; the other, that three months at a stretch is the longest tether to which the fascinating influence of the "Promenades" can be trusted to extend. The final week of the season was made noteworthy by the appearance of the great contra-bass player, Signor Bottesini, who fairly renewed the triumphs

he had achieved at Covent Garden Concerts some twenty years before. His performances were astonishing as ever; time has not diminished one iota the marvellous facility of execution that enables him to make his cumbrous instrument speak the language of three or four with equally artistic charm. Little need is there to tell what thunders of applause marked each of the *virtuoso's* solos. The Promenade Concerts ended for the year on Monday, November 24, with the benefit of the lessee; but a special extra Concert was promised for the following Saturday, when Madame Christine Nilsson, Madame Trebelli, Mr. Joseph Maas, Signor Foli, and other prominent artists were to appear.

### FROM THE PROVINCES.

**BARROW.**—Dr. Brown, organist of one of the principal Churches here, gave his annual Concert on the 11th inst. The artists engaged were those who have been associated with Madame Patey in her Autumn tour, viz.:—Miss Anna Williams, Miss Ada Patterson, and Madame Patey; Mr. Sidney Tower, Mr. Franklin Clive and Signor Tito Mattei. Miss Williams was highly successful in all she undertook, especially so in Cotsford Dick's "Bread-winner," while Miss Ada Patterson evoked great applause by her rendering of Mozart's trying aria "Gli angui d'inferno," displaying the extraordinary compass of her voice to the wonderment of her listeners. In Sullivan's new song "A Shadow," Madame Patey had the advantage of Dr. Brown's accompaniment and made a great impression. Mr. Sidney Tower in De Faye's pretty song "O'er the hills of Normandie," and Mr. Franklin Clive in Michael Watson's "My lass and I," gave unqualified pleasure to a large and enthusiastic audience. Dr. Brown is to be congratulated on the success of his enterprise.

**BIRMINGHAM.**—Wisely taking time by the forelock, the executive of the Festival have already been up and doing in the preparations for the triennial gathering in the autumn of 1885. The main features of the scheme have been already agreed upon, and the commissions for new works were issued long ago. On Nov. 22, a meeting of the general committee discussed and passed the skeleton programme as sketched out by the "inner circle" of the body, known as the sub-orchestral committee, the principal workers of which are Mr. John Jaffray, Mr. Harding Milward and Mr. George Johnstone. It now remains only to select the principals, and the whole business is complete. I may add that Herr Richter visited the "Hardware village" at the beginning of the month, and attended a meeting of the sub-orchestral committee, at which he gave advice on matters coming more directly within his province as conductor-in-chief. He said "good-bye" to us until April, when he will, at this unusually early date, make the acquaintance of the chorists who are to sing under his baton. Of course the chief "corner-stone" and pivot of interest is centred in M. Gounod's contribution *Mors et Vita*, which will appropriate the whole of the second morning of the Festival, a repetition being promised for the last evening, and a slight *précis* of its contents may not therefore be unacceptable. At present the whole of *Mors et Vita* is in Latin, but an English translation (not an adaptation), is being prepared by Rev. Mr. Troutbeck. Gounod wishes the work to be sung throughout in Latin, and his desire is, to a certain extent, backed up by the executive. As to the wisdom or unwisdom of the expedient, from the insufficient data at hand wherewith to found a judgment, I do not at present express an

opinion. *Mors et Vita* is divided into three sections—Prologue, Requiem Mass in two parts, and the New Jerusalem. The Prologue contains four movements: No. 1, orchestral introduction; No. 2, chorus; No. 3, "The Voice of Jesus," bass solo; and No. 4, chorus. Part I. of the Requiem starts with an introit and kyrie for chorus and four soloists. It is followed by a double chorus, unaccompanied, and next succeeds the "Dies Iræ," for full choir; No. 4, "Quid sum Miser," is for soli quartet and chorus; and No. 5, "Felix culpa," is planned for solo soprano and chorus; "Quærens Me," is a duet for soprano and contralto; and, "Juste Judex," for choir only; No. 8, "Ingenisco," again employs the four soloists with full chorus; and the first tenor solo is No. 9, "Inter oves." The full forces are again employed on the "Capitatis," and the "Lachrymosa." No. 12 is an interpolated offertorium for solo soprano and chorus; the "Sanctus," as in the *Messe Solennelle*, is for tenor solo and chorus; and, the "Pre Jesu," will be sung by the four principals, only the "Agnus Dei," and "Communion," finds work for the solo soprani; and Part I. finishes with an instrumental epilogue. The second subdivision of the Requiem contains seven numbers, the three first of which are given to orchestra alone. They are severally named, "The Sleep of the Dead," "The Trumpets of the Last Judgment," and "The Awakening of the Dead;" No. 4, "The Coming of the Judge," is a baritone recitative, followed by work for orchestra and chorus; No. 5, containing the same combination reinforced with the solo soprano, is named, "The Judging of the Elect;" No. 6, "Chorale of Angels," for celestial choir, is unaccompanied; and the last number of the Requiem, "The Judging of the Condemned," is formulated like No. 4. Part III. starts with an instrumental prelude to which follows, in due course, a baritone solo, it is called, "A New Heaven and a New Earth;" No. 2, one of the most complicated sections of *Mors et Vita*, "The Heavenly Jerusalem," is for baritone solo, full chorus, celestial choir, and orchestra. The baritone again has charge of No. 3, "The great voice in Heaven," which is, of course, accompanied with choir and orchestra. No. 4, "No more tears, no more suffering, no more death," is an accompanied quartet, and is followed by a baritone solo "All things made new." No. 6 is "Celestial chorus," and the work concludes with a "Grand Hosannah." Mr. Harding Milward, accompanied by Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, waited personally upon M. Gounod and received the MSS. from the composer, who at the same time was handed a cheque for £4,000, the price mutually agreed upon. Of this sum £3,500 is supplied by the London firm, the Birmingham Festival finding the balance, and giving an undertaking that the oratorio shall be produced by them and repeated in the Festival week, as has before been stated. Dr. Bridge's setting of the Latin version of "Rock of Ages," by Mr. W. E. Gladstone, has been accepted, and will find a place in the Friday morning's programme. During a recent visit of Dr. Bridge to the genial Birmingham amateur, whose work in music here cannot be over-estimated, Mr. George Johnstone, I had an opportunity of hearing "Rock of Ages," and "first impressions" are decidedly in its favour. It is for baritone solo, full choir and orchestra. I may add that the versification of the Latin version so closely follows that of the English one that, syllable for syllable, it fits. Consequently, no change whatever is necessary in the musical notation. In all probability Mr. Santley will sing the incidental solo and "a little bird



whispers me," it is not unlikely that the Premier will visit the Festival and hear his version of Toplady's hymn, should the aspect of the political horizon be sufficiently propitious. At present nothing has been received from Dvorák, and beyond the fact that the projected *John Huss* sacred cantata, has been abandoned in favour of another subject, I cannot communicate any more particulars about the Czeck musician. Mr. Thomas Anderton, who contributes a cantata, *The Yule Tide*, in which Miss Julia Goddard collaborates, has completed the vocal part of his work, and is now busily engaged scoring it. M. Massenet will be asked to write a scena for Mr. Joseph Maas, and Mr. E. K. Prout will contribute an organ concerto to the programme. In the course of a few weeks the choristers' engagements will be issued, and early in the next year, the rehearsals will commence under Mr. W. C. Stockley, who for the last quarter of a century has so skilfully piloted the choral army through preliminary campaigns. Mr. Stimpson will be the organist, and it is hoped the committee will see their way to thoroughly overhaul the noble instrument standing in the Town Hall before the Festival. It most certainly needs it. A meeting of the Festival Committee at which the president elect, Lord Brooke, took the chair, was held at noon on Saturday, November 22nd, at the Midland Institute. Mr. R. H. Milward read the report of the orchestral sub-committee which detailed the steps already taken in the formulation of the scheme for the Festival in August next. *Inter alia*, the report contained a feeling and lengthy allusion to the late Sir Michael Costa and his connection with their gatherings between 1849 and 1882. On the motion of Lord Brooke, seconded by Mr. Jaffray, the report was approved, and some of the departmental work, such as the selection of various sub-committees, also engaged the attention of the general body. The meeting, one of the largest and most thoroughly representative I can call to mind for the last twenty years, from the capital *esprit* obtaining, gave promise of a brilliant event for 1885. The choir steward, Mr. C. G. Beale, tells me he hopes to issue the choral engagements in the course of a week or so, and that he anticipates being able to convene the first rehearsal for January 26th. Reverting for a moment to *Mors et Vita*, I may say that two members of the orchestral sub-committee, Mr. Harding Milward and Mr. G. H. Johnstone visited Mr. Lyttelton's house at Sydenham, on the 8th inst., and heard Gounod's oratorio played through from the score. Their opinion may, perhaps, be best gathered from the appended paragraph in the report read at the meeting previously alluded to: "Two members of the orchestral sub-committee have had an opportunity of hearing the work tried over by a competent performer on the keyboard, and have formed the opinion that in scope, object, and musical realisation, it will be found in no way inferior to the *Redemption*, and will take rank among the finest of M. Gounod's works."—The chief Concert work for the month has been the *Elijah*, at the Festival Choral Society's first subscription night, on November 6th, and Harrison's miscellaneous Concert, on November 17th. At the former, Madame Valleria made her *début* here in oratorio work, and achieved a distinct success. Madame Enriquez was at once artistic and correct in the contralto music in Mendelssohn's great epic, and Mr. Edward Lloyd, though slightly unwell, sang the tenor music with excellent taste. Mr. Ludwig, albeit a trifle "rugged" in the title rôle, most assuredly made his mark in the music for the Prophet. A capital orchestra and a fine chorus supplied the rest of the requirements for a jubilee performance of the *Elijah*. As it is considered "the correct thing" to show up at Harrison's

Concert, the mention that a brilliant audience filled the Town Hall on the 17th is almost superfluous. Madame Albani, Madame Trebelli, Miss Marriott, Mr. Joseph Maas, and Mr. Santley were the vocalists, and Mr. Rickard (piano-forte), Herr Otto Bernhardt (viola), and Mr. Stimpson (organ), formed the instrumental complement.—The Popular Concerts on Saturday nights continue to attract immense audiences; at two of these at which I was present, the secretary tells me upwards of three thousand three hundred persons paid for admission on each occasion. These were an Operatic Concert, November 13th, with Mr. Snazelle and party, and Part I. of *Elijah*, plus "Hear my prayer," given by the chorus and band of the Musical Association on November 22nd.—*Princess Ida* at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, and Planquette's *Nell Gwynne* at the Theatre Royal, saves the two lyric establishments of the town from a barren record.

CHELTEMHAM.—A Ballad Concert was given here by Messrs. Dale, Forty and Co. to a large audience on the 21st ult. An excellent programme showed to the best advantage the talent of the following artists:—Miss Anna Williams, Miss Ada Patterson and Madame Patey; Mr. Sidney Tower, Mr. Franklin Clive and Signor Tito Mattei.

GLASGOW.—What promises to be an active musical season has already begun—in a measure, that is to say—for one or two noteworthy events have occurred with no uncertain result. The season proper will be marked by the inauguration of the eleventh series of the Choral Union Concerts on 9th December, when an admirable orchestral programme will test the powers of the large band over which Mr. August Manns so worthily presides. Amongst other good things set down for performance on that evening we find the *Freischütz* prelude, the scherzo from the *Midsummer Night's Dream* music, and Beethoven's symphony in D. The new leader, Herr Robert Heckmann, Concert-Meister at Cologne, will also make his first appearance here as a solo violinist, and the vocalist will be Madame Minnie Hauk. Although "times" in Glasgow, like everywhere else, are bad enough, the thoroughly established reputation of these Concerts stands them in good stead, and there is little appreciable falling off in the subscription list; on the whole, the response to the call of the executive has been singularly good.—The second season of the St. Andrew's Hall Saturday Evening Concerts, carried on by the Abstainers' Union, was commenced on 1st ult., when a very large audience gave Madame Patey and party a cordial reception. Our premier contralto was greeted with all the warmth due to an old friend, and singular interest also centred in the efforts of other well-known artistes—notably Miss Anna Williams and Signor Tito Mattei. The new-comers attached to the party, Miss Ada Patterson, and Messrs. Sidney Tower, and Franklin Clive, will, each and all, it may be taken, find a friendly welcome on their return to St. Mungo. On 8th ult., Mr. Sims Reeves and party sought, and obtained, it is hardly necessary to say, the support of the patrons of these Concerts. The hall was filled to overflowing, and if the veteran tenor's opening songs failed to elicit as much enthusiasm as in by-gone days, nothing could have exceeded the genuine interest which his matchless singing of "Tom Bowling" evoked. Mr. Reeves was "assisted" by Madame De Fonblanque, Miss Marian McKenzie, Messrs. Gilbert Campbell, and Henry Nicholson, while the violin solos of Miss Nettie Carpenter created little short of a furore. At the third Concert of the series, Madame Georgina Burns and Mr. J. T. Carrodus were the leading artistes. Both

of these old Glasgow favourites fully sustained their well-known reputation, and Mr. W. Nicholl, a new tenor, met with a deservedly encouraging reception. At the two last-named Concerts, Mr. Emile Berger gave his valued aid as accompanist. The season, so far, has been eminently successful, and West End folks would appear, at last, to have discovered how well Mr. Airlie and his coadjutors can cater for their entertainment. Previous efforts fell unaccountably flat, but it is pleasant to have to record a favourable turn of the tide.—The Carl Rosa Opera Company opened on 24th ult. what promises to be a highly-successful twelve nights' engagement. The troupe appears at the Royalty Theatre, and on the opening night Madame Marie Roze gave her able personation of *Carmen*. *Mefistofele* (Boito), *Favorita*, and the *Beggar Student* are announced, as also representations of *Mignon*, *Maritana*, and other familiar operas in Mr. Rosa's repertoire. Mr. E. L. Knapp's friends will learn with regret that he intends to retire at an early date from the position of lessee of the Royalty Theatre. He has, however, been specially retained as manager of the Sauchiehall Street Theatre, a house where the interests of musical art have ever been well recognized. Messrs. Howard and Wyndham, of the Royal Lyceum, Edinburgh, are the new lessees.—The annual visit to Glasgow, of Dr. Charles Hallé and Madame Norman-Néruda, took place on 7th ult., when a crowded audience welcomed them to the Queen's Rooms. Year after year the influence of these accomplished artistes is singularly noticeable. On this occasion their performances riveted the attention up to the closing bar of a well-devised programme, which included Beethoven's Sonata in E flat, Op. 81, and Liszt's Rhapsodie Hongroise, in D flat, No. 12, both admirably played by the Manchester virtuoso. Madame Néruda found ample scope for her talents in a couple of movements from Spohr's Concerto in E minor, while her audience followed her deft unravelling of the intricacies of Ernst's *Otello* Fantasia with the closest interest. The Concert was under the management of Mr. John Muir Wood, to whom Glasgow folks were also indebted for a renewed acquaintance with Madame Christine Nilsson on the evening of 14th ult. Six years have elapsed since the gifted Swedish vocalist appeared here, and thus her *réunion* gave occasion for more than ordinary interest. St. Andrew's Hall was filled by a brilliant gathering, and on the entrance of Madame Nilsson there was a display of great enthusiasm. Her opening scena, Beethoven's "Ah Perfido," gained her, it need not be said, a fresh triumph; the "Jewel" song from *Faust*, and a delightful little Scandinavian ditty, also appealing to her audience with rare effect. She was ably associated with Miss Hope Glenn in the duet "La Luna Immobile" from *Mefistofele*. Signor Foli contributed to the programme, amongst other things, Parker's new song "Jerusalem" and M. Hollman's 'cello solos again showed his mastery of his instrument.—Considering the stormy character of the evening, Miss Agnes Liddell's friends responded very favourably to her call on 4th ult. It was her second annual Concert, and at which she had the assistance of Mr. Bantock Pierpoint (baritone), Miss Amy Carter (soprano), Mdlle. Hetta Lippmann (pianoforte), Herr Gallrein ('cello), and Mr. E. Berger. Miss Liddell achieved a distinct success in Tosti's "Good-bye," a song which the young vocalist has made her own.—The "Glasgow Society of Musicians" inaugurated their Club by a Dinner in McLean's Hotel on the 1st ult. Mr. Julius Seligmann presided. Much excellent music was heard during the evening. The executants were at

their best, and more particularly the gentlemen who took part in a Beethoven string quartet. A new song, from the pen of Mr. Allan Macbeth, also won hearty applause. The Club, it may be mentioned, is limited to sixty members and forty associates, and the list is, I believe, already nearly full.—Coming events in Glasgow and its neighbourhood include a performance of *The Rose of Sharon* by Mr. W. M. Miller's Tonic Sol-Fa Choral Society; the *Walpurgis Night*, by the Camphill U. P. Church Musical Association, and *Redemption* at Linlithgow. Gounod's work will be given in the Abbey, with the assistance of the "organ, trumpets, trombones and harps."

LEAMINGTON.—Mendelssohn's *Elijah* was performed here on the 18th ult., by the Philharmonic Society, the solo parts being sung by Miss Anna Williams, Miss Ada Patterson and Madame Patey; Mr. Sidney Tower (tenor) and Mr. Franklin Clive (bass). The orchestra consisted of local professors (among whom were several ladies), assisted by members of Mr. Stockley's Birmingham band. The performance was extremely good in every respect, and reflects great credit on Mr. Frank Spinney, who conducted Mendelssohn's masterpiece with infinite skill.

LEICESTER.—Mr. Herbert Marshall gave his second grand Concert of the season on the 18th inst. The programme was thoroughly popular in quality, containing several famous English ballads and excerpts from favourite operas. These, interpreted by Madame Albani, the Misses Marriott, Mr. Maas, and Mr. Barrington Foote gave unbounded delight to an immense audience. Instrumental music was represented by Mr. Giuseppe Dinelli (piano) and Miss Adelina Dinelli (violin), whose solos were certainly not the least enjoyable numbers of an excellent programme. Mr. Herbert Marshall deserves great credit for his enterprising spirit in affording the music-loving public of Leicester so great a treat.

LIVERPOOL.—The first Hallé Concert, on the 28th ult., attracted a large audience, and Mr. Hallé, in fulfilment of a promise previously made, placed himself at the head of a largely increased orchestra, now numbering 98 performers. This strengthening was in some part compulsory, to enable him satisfactorily to put forward the series of Wagnerian excerpts announced. The first on the list was "The Rhine Daughter's Scene" from *Götterdämmerung*, and a magnificent rendering was the result. Miss Minnie Hauk was the vocalist. At the second Concert, on the 11th inst., Weber's *Oberon* and Mehul's *La Chasse de Jeune Henri* were the overtures given, with the introduction to Wagner's *Parsifal*. Madame Norman-Néruda played in splendid style Spohr's Concerto, in E minor, No. 7, and Madame Valleria as vocalist, evoked considerable enthusiasm.—The performance of Gade's *Psyche* at the Philharmonic Society's Concert on the 4th inst., was in every respect satisfactory, and no less so the rendering of Weber's *Preciosa* on the same evening.—The selection of *Fridolin* for the initial performance of the Philharmonic Choral Society, while a particularly graceful compliment to Mr. Randegger on the commencement of a new campaign under his bâton, was, at the same time, a very happy thought from a musical point of view. This strongly dramatic work earned honour and praise on this its first performance here, entirely apart from the local associations of its talented composer. Miss Annie Marriott, Mr. Henry Guy, Mr. Frederick King, and Mr. F. Novara were the vocal principals, and Mr. Best was at the organ. The chorus, except in a few minor details, was fully up to its work, and the

performance was productive of much interest and gratification. Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis Night* concluded the evening's entertainment.—The Reverend Father Nugent has recommenced with great success the series of free Concerts for the poor which were so popular in the Rotunda Lecture Hall last season. There would be nothing in these Concerts worthy of mention beyond hundreds of similar ones were it not for the style of music performed, which, so far from being of the ordinary type, is, on the contrary, of as high a class as that given by the most scientific and æsthetic organisations. Seeing, therefore, that these entertainments are attended by over 2,000 poor people weekly, and that the higher class of music is the better appreciated, it surely behoves those who are interested in the moral advancement of the masses to lay their heads together with the view of considerably extending so valuable an educational influence.

MANCHESTER.—Mr. Charles Hallé's first Concert of the season was given on October 30th, and so we may now be said to be in the thick of matters musical. The most important point in connection with these Concerts is the increase of the band. It now consists of more than 100 performers, so that it is now, perhaps, the largest permanent orchestra in England. On November 6th, Brahms's Grand Symphony, in F, was given at these Concerts for the first time, and was much more admired than many of his other works. Madame Minnie Hauk made her first appearance after an interval of many years, and was decidedly successful. The afternoon pianoforte recitals, by Mr. Charles Hallé, in connection with the gentlemen's Concerts, continues to attract large audiences. On November 3rd, he played with much brilliancy Schubert's Sonata Fantaisie in G, and also the Sonata in A, by the same composer. The number of subscribers to this ancient Manchester musical society has very considerably increased this season. Mr. De Jong has also commenced his series of Concerts, and his fourteenth season promises to be as successful as those that have gone before.

SWANSEA.—On the 10th November, a Musical Eisteddfod, which has since given rise to some controversy, was held at the Albert Hall. The president was the Rev. J. Edwards, of Neath; the adjudicators were Dr. Joseph Parry, Swansea, and Mr. Rees Evans, Aberdare. A prize for the best rendering of the solo, "I know that my Redeemer liveth" (*Messiah*), was won by Mrs. Thomas, Llansamlet. The prize offered for a tenor solo was divided between Mr. Wm. James, Aberaman, and Mr. John T. Davies, Morriston. In the bass solo competition the subject was a Welsh piece, "But the Lord will remember his children" (Dr. Parry's *Emmanuel*), and the prize was divided between "Llew Llyfnwy," Swansea, and Mr. Robert George, Morriston. A drum and fife band competition for a prize of £4 to the band and £1 to the conductor resulted in the victory of the Neath competitors. A prize of £12, and £2 for the conductor of the successful choir, was offered for the best rendering of "O Father, whose Almighty power" (*Judas Maccabæus*), by choirs of not less than sixty voices, and belonging to the same congregation. Only one choir came forward, viz., Calfarie (Mr. John Owen Jones, leader), and to them was awarded one half of the prize offered. The great choral competition was for a prize of £50, and an oak chair for the conductor. The best pieces were, "Worthy is the Lamb," and the "Amen Chorus" (Handel's *Messiah*). The Neath choir was victorious.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE "GRAND CHANT," &c., &c.

To the Editor of THE LUTE.

SIR,—I lately saw in the *Oracle* a biographical notice of Pelham Humphrey; but no notice was there taken of him as the composer of what is commonly called "The Grand Chant." Can any one inform me why it was ever termed "The Grand Chant"?

It may not be generally known that the late Rev. W. H. Havergal re-harmonised that chant in the key of B flat, for use at the Worcester Festival on the 5th September, 1854. (I enclose a copy of it.) A combination of the old and the new form of it, in the key of B flat, will be found to make up a good double chant, for use as a *Gloria Patri*, &c.

For the Easter Day Anthem, Mr. Havergal considered that a single chant is fittest; and he deemed the "Grand Chant" to be the best for it. I confess, however, that I prefer Farrant's single chant in F; or even Dr. W. Turner's single chant in G (or in A).

2. Mr. Havergal, in the introduction to his "Evening Service," (with a hundred chants), of 1836, a *Cantate* and *Deus Miseratur*, (favourably reviewed in the *Musical Library* for July, 1836, pp. 105-6, but now out of print), has stated that the said chant in G (or in A) of Dr. W. Turner, with one by Dr. Aldrich in G (or in A), were used together as a double chant at Gloucester Cathedral by Mr. Harlay, a pupil of Mr. Hine, once the organist there.

And that "a pupil of Mr. Hine" is "said" to have been the originator of double chants, by striking from one to the other of these two chants, one day, either from caprice or carelessness during the Service. And that this caused single chants to be united together for a time; and then the use of double chants. (I enclose the two chants referred to.)

3. In a sermon preached at Tewkesbury Abbey, on 28th June, 1850, Mr. Havergal states that under the name of "anthems," published for use at the Chapel Royal in 1664, and duly authorised, were included metrical compositions. The rubric in the Prayer Book as to "the anthem" was inserted in it in 1662. Hence it would include metrical compositions—such as we now call "Hymns."

He also quotes from the Rev. A. Bedford to the effect "Christmas Carols were so called, because such were much in use in King Charles the First's reign, *Carolus Rex*." I am, Sir, yours truly, C. H. DAVIS.

Littleton Drew, Wilts, 13th Nov., 1884.

### HYMN TUNES.

To the Editor of THE LUTE.

SIR,—Perhaps the following extract from a letter received from Dr. Wesley will interest others as well as your correspondent, "An Amateur," as it bears upon the subject of his inquiry as to the relative value of "Hymn Tunes." The Doctor evidently does not spare his own lucubrations from the lash of his rather severe criticism, the date of the letter being subsequent to his own publication, in 1872, of the *European Psalmist*, wherein so many of his own compositions appear. In noticing the numerous outpourings of *Hymnody*, he says: "From the frequency in which certain names have appeared, some very miserable sticks have got called 'eminent'; the publishers of these books are wise to call their rubbishy contributors 'eminent'; and so now we see big books three parts full of trash. Dear me, how many good tunes and chants have appeared in the last 30 years? Echo repeats, 'How many?' I should say, 6 tunes may include all." Liverpool. Yours truly, W. R.



## REVIEWS.

—o—  
EDWIN ASHDOWN.

*Classics (Ancient and Modern).* For the Pianoforte. Selected and fingered by Arthur O'Leary.

THIS publication consists of twelve judiciously-chosen examples from the works of the best classical authors, and will prove a valuable addition to the library of advanced pianoforte students. The numbers are carefully edited and fingered, and contain some good hints on the practice of correct phrasing.

STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER AND CO.

*Album of German Songs.* Music by Maud Valérie White.

MISS WHITE's refined and thoughtful music rarely fails to interest, and these songs will do much to sustain her reputation. They are melodious and expressive, and present no special difficulty of execution either to vocalists or instrumentalists. We should add that eleven of the sixteen poems contained in this album are rendered into English by the composer herself.

I. *The Merry Miller.* Song. Words by A. C. Jewett. Music by Michael Watson. II. *Haunted.* Song. Words and music by Michael Watson.

NO. I. Pretty verses set to simple and appropriate music. NO. II. More ambitious in style than the foregoing, but easy to sing and certain to please.

*Herzens Stimmen Album of Six Songs.* Translated from the German of Heine by Charles Hervey. Music by Arthur Hervey.

WE look for something above the common order from the pen of Mr. Arthur Hervey, and expectation in the present instance is fully realised. These songs are truly German in feeling, and are written in graceful and musicianly style. They will form a companion volume to the same composer's *Sechs Liebeslieder von Heine*, which met with so favourable a reception some few months since.

THE AUTHORS' WORKS PUBLICITY AGENCY.

NO. I. *Frühlings Traum.* Idyll for the Pianoforte. By A. Höering. NO. II. *Venezia.* For the Pianoforte. By A. Höering.

Two pretty drawing-room-pieces, in the keys of F and A flat respectively.

FREDERICK PITMAN.

I. *Snow Storm.* Galop. By PLACIDE MALVA. II. *On the Thames.* Polka. By LEONARD GAUTIER. III. *Hypatia.* Waltz. IV. *Highland Fling.* Quadrille. By RUBEN ROGIER.

I. This is a capital Galop—bright, exhilarating, and eminently danceable. II. Possesses all the characteristics essential to a good Polka. III. A Waltz, in G major, chiefly remarkable for the excellent portrait of Miss Mary Anderson which adorns the title-page. IV. A collection of well-known Scotch melodies, strung together in Quadrille form. If the idea is not strictly original, the result, however, is, in this case, entirely happy.

*Six New Duets.* For Violin and Piano. By ANGELO COSTA.

MR. COSTA has, in this group of compositions, consulted the taste of young players, as well as their probable requirements, with results wholly successful. The sketches are thoroughly artistic and will go trippingly enough even

when set in motion by very moderately trained fingers. Numbers I. (Album Blatt) and V. (Barcarolle) are exceedingly melodious.

*My Love has Set Sail.* Song. Words by Oliver Brand. Music by Placide Malva.

WE are told by a foot-note attached to this publication that: "This charming song was originally published in *Pitman's Musical Monthly* with guitar accompaniment, and attained great popularity. Copies can still be obtained." What more need be said?

(I.) *Wait.* Words by Edward Oxenford. Music by Franz Abt. (II.) *Meeting.* Words by Edward Oxenford. Music by Franz Abt.

THESE songs are worthy of notice if only on account of the composer's name. No. I. has a pretty refrain in waltz time.

METHVEN, SIMPSON &amp; Co. (Dundee).

*Ride-a-Cock-horse.* A Set of Singing Quadrilles. By Martimus Thomson.

WILL sure to be popular with little dancers. The nursery rhymes of which the set is made up are all old favourites, and are combined with the happiest effect. The quaint and artistic title-page deserves a special word of commendation.

PATERSON, SONS &amp; Co., Glasgow, Edinburgh, &amp;c.

*Six Morceaux Romantiques.* Par Graham Ponsonby Moore.

MR. MOORE is, possibly, more successful as a teacher of the pianoforte than a composer for that instrument. At any rate the half dozen pieces now before us do not rise to absolute greatness. No. 1, "Chanson Triste," is somewhat laboured, and the "Berceuse," No. 4, is a dull enough contrivance. On the other hand, the "Valse," No. 2, is light and melodious and likely to secure attention. The "Serenade," No. 5, appears to be a study for the left hand.

Carl Beringer's *Azalea Waltz* will, doubtless, find speedy popularity by reason of its unflinching tunefulness. H. R. Callcott's *Badinage Polka* lacks originality, but in the *Leita Gavotte* Mr. Ernest B. Cox has shown some invention, and his little piece can be commended.

UNDER the head of "Musical," a Cleveland paper gives an account of a horse trot. Presume it was an attempt to beat time.

AN agitated foreign gentleman climbed up to the editorial rooms yesterday afternoon, and, after getting his breath, said: "I wish to ask you a question. Haf you attend ze zinfonie concerts zis vinter?" The editor confessed that he had. "Vell," said the foreign gentleman, "vill you answer zees? I haf study ze music for ze last thirty year, an I sink I knows zomesing about him. Yet I go and I hear ze long zinfonie, and ze concerto on ze piano, and ze fantaisie upon ze violin; and I vill confess me zat, at ze first hearing, I oonderstand leedle or nossing of him. And, as I seets and leestens to ze music, I hears zee young ladees all around me, who I cannot but sink knows less of zee music zan I, who haf zoo mooch study him, and zey all say: 'How beautiful!' 'How mooch soul zere is in ze gomposition!' 'How grand ze devolpment!' ven, by gar, I oonderstands nossing! I, myself, who haf so mooch play ze piano and ze violin, and hear ze best music in Europe. Am I zo mooch ze fool, and is ze American mees zo mooch ze smarter zan I am? Vill you answer me zat, my kind vriend?"

## POET'S CORNER.

## BLUEBELL.

THE children have a dance to-night,  
 And see, they come in quaint disguise;  
 The scene is growing gaily bright,  
 And all is pleasure and surprise:  
 Amid the merry crowd how oft  
 One little fairy form I seek;  
 That I may stroke the tresses soft,  
 Or stoop to kiss the glowing cheek.

As "Bluebell" is my darling here,  
 Her robe is of a dainty blue;  
 Her loveliest eyes are shining clear,  
 With Heaven's fairest azure too:  
 Life's sunshine now around her lies,  
 And earnestly I hope and pray  
 That all the wealth of summer skies,  
 May ever bless her future day.

There is for me a silver rift  
 In clouds of care which hang above,  
 Since I possess the precious gift,  
 A child's sweet ministry of love:  
 There is unutterable bliss  
 In thinking, though the tears may start;  
 How dear my little Bluebell is,  
 How near she blossoms to my heart.

HAROLD WYNN.

THERE are 2,400 music-teachers in Boston and its suburbs—almost as many as there are pupils.

HERR MAX BRUCH, who seems to have a happy knack of choosing the most ponderous subjects, is engaged upon a work founded on the *Iliad*.

AN anonymous and generous person has sent to the Royal College of Music the sum of 100 guineas, to be applied to the benefit of the pupils of Madame Lind-Goldschmidt, in whatever way she may think best.

COLONEL MAPLESON has secured an Italian tenor hitherto unheard in England, by name Signor Guiseppe Marini, of Naples. He is about forty years of age, and has a fine resonant voice well adapted to large theatres. More than this, he is a cultivated musician. The Colonel will probably keep him in England, if possible, until he opens at Drury Lane on June 8th.

M. GOUNOD is an eminently witty man, and says many things worthy of study. Instance his remark to a young poet: "As you grow in your art you will judge the great masters of the past as I now judge the great musicians of former times. At your age, I used to say, 'I;' at twenty-five, I said, 'I and Mozart;' at forty, 'Mozart and I;' now I say, 'Mozart.'" There are many youthful artists who might well lay this advice to heart.

A PROVINCIAL paper contains the following exciting story, which places two estimable gentlemen in an altogether new light. It runs as follows:—"Mr. Joseph Maas, the leading tenor of a well-known American opera troupe, is passionately fond of hunting and fishing, and some years ago started on a buffalo hunt, in company with his old friend, Dion Boucicault. The surrounding country was full of badly-disposed Indians,

but our hunters were at all times willing to risk their scalps for a good week's sport. On this occasion they managed to lose their way and miss the trail which led to their temporary camp, so that as night came on they were utterly at a loss which direction to take. They had fortunately killed a young bull just before dusk, and making a virtue of necessity, they tethered their horses and lit a fire. They had scarcely finished a hasty meal of buffalo steaks, when an arrow came whizzing by their camp fire, and in less time than it takes to read this, they found themselves bound hand and foot by the rascally Apaches. There was no hope of deliverance, and both Mr. Maas and Mr. Boucicault expected instantaneous death. At this juncture Dion, who was almost comatose from fright, murmured feebly, 'Joe, sing me "Fra poco" once more before I die, and my scalp will come off all the more easily.' Mr. Maas tearfully complied with his friend's request, and had got as far as

'The wild flowers soon will shed their bloom  
 Around my sad and lonely tomb,'—

when two big Indians came up smiling all over, and grunted, 'Heap good—more!' The gifted tenor finished the *aria*, but explained that he could sing no more unless he was unbound. The Apaches loosened his thongs, and Mr. Maas, with a despairing hope, went on with the opera. From 9 p.m. until 3 the next morning he kept on singing. Every time he stopped the savages poked him with a spear. However, just as his larynx was about to burst, the last Indian dropped asleep, and Mr. Maas stole away, after cutting the hide ropes which bound his friend. They reached the settlement together in safety, but up to this day the talented artist never plays the third act of *Lucia* without being overcome with emotion."

## SCRAPS FROM AMERICA.

THE mouth of the Amazon River, in South America, is 100 miles wide. Now see the minstrel end-man turn green with envy.

"WHY did they dig pa's grave so deep?" is the title of a new song. It must have been so that the old man wouldn't hear the music.

A REMINISCENCE of the Wagner-Thomas festival:—Ish dish—gr—r—r—pratzigen schmach—whish—br—r—r—r—crash—bang—boom—ah—h—h!!!

"I'M saddest when I sing," lamented the poet; but if he could have sung for 5,000 dols. a night, he would doubtless have been saddest when he couldn't sing.

AN ambitious young man wants to know if he can obtain a position to lead a circus band easily. Yes. We will get him the position if he will lead it into the desert of Sahara.

IN Europe now-a-days, when tenors (or *prime donne*) have passed three score and ten, and begin to sink into the cheerless tomb, they don't bother about sending them to the old men's home. They just send them to America and let them make a starring tour.

He.—Don't you think that Bach wrote more compositions than anybody else?

She.—Oh, no! I think *Fine* must have beat him all to pieces. I find his name at the end of almost every thing I play.

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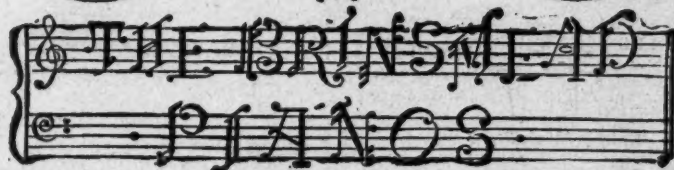
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